

By the Journey of Sands

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Tired Horses at Unstructured Silent Dawn

unstructured prose in the garden of misaligned opportunity
tipping the morning with transparency and fossil guilt

there is something wrong with the mail
it does not desire or cool with the florescent touch
instead it appeals for sovereignty
like a knight in diamond showers
and a pedestrian on the cool highway with crooked hammers

there was no air, I'm afraid
we used it all dumping the evening trash
with ceiling incisors and crumbling fortis

Give me your shopping alcoholic fists in motion
impatient stones on the eager weight of blissful architecture
like spent juleps tasking the master's voice
So that cooled coal comes out of his teeth and rhythm sinks in his despair

I have the feeling that I am losing the only meter that pays
winged like a father in daytime pearls, forever praying to stay

The Domestication of an Albatross

There are spaces for family tides among the ashtrays and mobile debt
Like sparrows in the driveway where we dare not see the bear in the tree
We steal Elvis lighters on the high mountain where carnival condenses our winds
Like candles among the fireworks, we have demonstrated our constrained glory
Like fireflies scattering the input, there is rain that does not last in Norwegian plays

I am not a rock to be dismissed as a danger to society
I am not a temple to be spared from the blame of the holy one
I am a sunken ladder too scared to climb to the top, so I leave
Saving myself from a fall that will put me in the hospital again
Always having to convince others that I am able to compete in the race
Where freedom of thought is the final drafting line of the semblance of order

Here we are among the green high tides, never concerned for the waiting tomorrow
Never spared from the stomach of another square in the monopoly of life's golden arches
I swear I am not a puddle to be stepped on, I am not a scattered wave to be passed through
I do have dignity, despite their inability to see it shine like the math of a junior graduate
I am the grass standing tall, where God did seed me, an unlikely fern near the doormat
An unlikely spacial task runner able to comprehend the excitement of the mass enclosure
And the guilty mass exposure for total arrays and grimaced tidal smoking days

Petechia of Swabian Cursillo Inharmomic Aparthotel

Down in the cursory tip-toe rain
Where St. John and Ringo Star
Sit lively in the mis-abusing music
Of salutary stars and beheaded moons
Like fevers climbing with the weight
Of a thousand formidable suns
A thousand moonlit butterflies
Today will be a day of unearthed trouble
A day of statue glances like meteronomy
Insiders on the joint discovery of natural winds
Like a dull mountain passing hills of familiar lifetimes
And familiar co-ordinary crossings
Indifferent to exposed laundry
Too tight to find a cure for this forever hold
Of ornamental disability that frightens the neighbors
And leaves an entire family
Ready to abandon each other
Petrified winds
Like trophies in the toilet
Of unmasked concession
And rather obvious resolution

New Lies of Patrimony Gloves

When the evening hawk prescribes self-willed stones
And the earth quakes with tremendous opportunity
like a rose dove in the doorway of patronized symbols of defeat
we will have stolen the vault of God
for what gold we thought was there

Hunger of the Late Visitant

There was a sophomoric visitation
That was assumed to be the final Word
All it took was balloons on the ceiling
And warped carburetors among the English
Shelves like a woman who knows you better
Moving around in a dance with a mis-adjoined
Prescription missing this leaf and that one
There were no words for this testifying visit

Naturally the dairy school teacher left his job
And went to tell the world about the aberration
Between the steel in his teeth and the holy equator
Thinking this would say it all, now and for all time
Thinking he would settle every argument about God
Thinking he had been visited by the one true spirit
And when he got on top of the asphalt parking meter
He encountered six different men each who claimed
To have encountered the Almighty on the same day
And each having a different vision of her dress and
Movement between the scarcity and the ashtray

They six remained fixated and perched in their stall
Above the ground until they were instructed
By the very first stranger to pass their way
To come back down to the ground and keep silent
And so in that no one ever heard the Movements of the true God

What God Said to Me Upon a Moment of Forlorn Weakness

She said, “he will not listen
to what I have to say, whereas you
have spent a lifetime trying to listen
and seeking out my hiding space. For you, gentle servant of altitude
I will listen to your concerns, your cause, your wishes, and
your adamant refusal to expect nothing less from yourself
than perfection - from yourself, and for yourself
I will give the jewelry of the dawn,
for adamant disposal – and waking tyrant dismissal

“Most the nest, dear servant,
Most the nest to its next hiding space
See how it triggers a response
In dispose of lost entries, punctured hours like journals of gratitude
Capitalized upon witnesses like sand, like clay, like decisions that remain
Like ever-reasoned participant clauses and northern-way strands
Never in our lifetime will we know such journeys, not now, not tonight –
But never will we give up on the chase, bearing the responsibility of nobility in the sands”

From God as a Witness to my journal. Today to tomorrow and come what may.

The windows of a page

Stealth fighter with weakened force fields
Intended to keep the gremlins crawling all over my body at bay
Stealth fighter with an open mouth, speaking too soon
About the ramifications and the adjudications of an external transfer
And the remote possibility of life as a current against the wind

You have no right for blasphemous applause
No ring wedding you to the forefront of the dismissal of iron saints
You are not an aperture, singing your howling metremony
Like fire and hydrogen and abundant chemicals to your cause
And just what do you proclaim? It is not certain.
Nor are you a fountain to the dust riddled curtains of social cohesion.

So just what do you proclaim? That you are the tired servant? Tenured?
There is no alimony between you and I to determine such a laboring bond.
Would you pay me for my secret sentient yearly equation of passing lips
And stationed actuary like a pheasant cycle of ten plays for a city imposed
Disposed no longer, but brought to the forefront of your diametric imagination

No, I have no integration of pride to see such a mission to fruition
No blue tit in your branches assailing your quiet morning
I am not a grateful passenger howling between your scattered joys
Like ceiling wind to a poised significant moment that you or I will not address
There is no passenger here. He is not true. He will not see the day like stubborn ashes
Smearing on the ground from yesterday's news. He is a lost grocery list,
Wrapped in the pocket of your favorite overcoat and reluctantly stowed away

A self-important brazen appeal to the Mother of tired persuasion and labored lips like a dormant congratulating tune of hawks and serpents and storied down under

Too troubled to coerce a cure for the malignant drone of my own self-satisfaction
I am passing on a military baton for the sacrifice of jewel crescent palimony
Like fragrant vessels of stowed away ice patterns to the door clock and seasoned greetings
I haven't a heart of you, with your faint Mother's beating condition, but I will listen for the cure

I have no vessel to trail about the morning of calling witnesses on the stand of Saturday
Like the vowel of scattered angry letters that do not own me, nor I them, but we fight as though
We had something common in mind. Break apart from your ashtray intentions
Dispose of your oligarchy potential laden missiles like cows in the sand of standard tunes

I have thought better than to let Her lead me to this place, but I am a witness
I am a standard cohort for library tensions and stained glass windows
"I like stained glass windows," She said. "You are passing up on a witness," She said.
And in that have you been countered among your angry leaves and grasping branches
Like fomenting grass stallions, like rosemary tulip disposals in the waste of your partner's love
But I have seen you endure and I know there is potential for another kind of life, a patterned truth

"Do not turn this in," She says. "It is not the faith of an arbitrary witness. I have no need
To be heard or calculated like a Mother of rhyme or flagrant stolen passages."

We shy away from our wings

fractured hands and robed intentions
promoting growth in the sea of the absence of meter
I have no more secrets to dispel
but I would like to hear yours,
long traits of a neighbor
left in the internal jungle
of a proscribed maintenance
in salutary mines

Disobedient Fractures of Sailsmiths

separation from the weight of social anxiety
with a gull of pain that crescents in my face and head
and teaches me a new humanity, like a stubborn new snow globe
that retreats in the morning in an ailing tub of confusion and misery
She does not assail me, but reminds me of dormant mouse experiments
that cost me my perusal in the grass among the tall buildings and empire haste
where I now have no lattice to speak from or mingled co-state to see from

it is I that was warned I could be if I reached an altitude of charm and rustled papers
like a ghost that has been captured or a lamb slaughtered for no reason
just to make it laugh where there is no laughter to be had, just dying and more dying
I have reached my end and the feeling is a warm comfort to myself and those that love me
I know I am close to the sound of the nothingness of forever, I am so close
but I first have to eat next to a stranger for the single purpose of the fanfare of altruism

I am not saying goodbye in this space, we will met again, just as we have met here
this time you will not be subconsciously prying at a way to destroy me, we will be forever
in a grip or a hold I am not sure, but I know we will all sit down and take in the speech
from what I can only call angelic beings, as there are no common words to express the meaning
but there we are, even now, across the spectrum of time and disobedient fractures of sailsmiths
Learning that I have taught a measure of truth all along, and the meadows of frank discussion
Have been prying fingers of disbelief like sticks to the sobriquet arresting spirit of the Palatines
Brushing upon a store-bought soul that shimmered in the delight of a new album released
On the day that one happens to have money to dispose in the turnstile of human affairs

Solaria For Enervated Saints

Where just pretending is dreaming
A man from America, shoots after mimicking the warfare
Of a mirror shave

Forgotten ages of let go stinge, just eliminating hunger
In exchange for citizenship
Here he bathes like a pound of flesh does not forget him

Hesdon does not color inside the lines
But does take a more practical step towards the pretentious fallacy
Of his mid-life dream of leaves of tormented sky

Hesdon cannot untie his shoestrings
He will however instruct you on the finer art of what you should wear
Like a domesticated pony in the role of a sabotaged saint in a major key

Cat Power beheaded Hesdon for the final drift
There were no more Sunday mud saints
Not like this distilled iron pipe of a frozen endeavor

Not like this lie for the protection of false witnesses
They have all cried the last sport field in the figures of ecological ontology
Carrying the shovel and rough pipe like Dormobile caustic platitude of envy oranges

Now carry with this last biscuit of marked hunger and assuasive chemical evenings
Be a man now in the grocery list of mattered place
We will not know where or how history dominated us at the ashtray homebearing

The Rock and Stone Selling Florist

The masonry judge compelled and proclaimed a pretense,
a soldier's tried arrival – locked in a summary hold –
like a Sunday tutor's math quiz
where equations are a reluctant order, seldom selfish, but afraid
for drifting memory and the respite of painful shoulders,
trembling with ashen logs an unawakened and bent sleeping quarters
where scope pirates knew better, fabricating the thought
but did not abandon the memory of our excited order, resolute and tried by fire in the dismal
erasure gold nanny persuasions, fired into this reluctant hold
in this we are forever aligned and content, Mother left softly our duty to defend
where the road becomes one with the Mother'd tent and ashened craft denoted bent carousel

I have found you

You were singing under the doormat
Just like me you were singing
songs of fantasy, like Canadian salvation
like and an interfering God, like pools of jewels
in this sand of an outpost against our bodies
like a tempered mass of a family
that was taken away by a country that claims freedom
is at the center of its oppressive regime
honeycombs in Tunisian travels
forever forgotten like moss under a tree

There we were, still and living for the dead

It has been 27 years today. I think you are still watching me.

Sometimes I feel like you kick me conscious

When I drift off lost in nonsense thoughts

Something new happened yesterday

I remembered new occasions of us embraced in music, new songs, together

We should have done so more, but it would have been difficult

To get either one of us in front of the crowning attire, though you still managed

I do not regret not finishing that painting. I do not know if I still have it

I should have followed your lead on that painting, and not played out my vision

I remember you starting to dance when the police lights tried to intimidate us

You were not scared for a second. I remember being protective of you, in the other days.

I also remember that time we reported a gun in a waffle house, we got the girls out

What was it you did? Did you go after him in the bathroom?

Were you looking for the gun? I cannot remember. I know you played a pivotal role

Just as you did in all our lives, just as you still do. You know, I am going to be really mad

When I die if you are not there waiting on me. You better be there, but I hope you are here now.

the naked liberty of daylight

With timidity propinquity leads to redemption only among the early of heart,
there was no banter among the shellwall dispensation velvet brushes
where soldiers rehearsed their roles for the evening's theatre that promised final lines
mostly within the architecture of the public remorse, death and catwalks like flames
For their special property of freedom [...] freedom from the constraints of naked liberty,
freedom from the dreamy women with guns in their pockets, no more tactical restraints
that could belong to just anyone, no, they are only for these maligned soldiers, seeking truth
in combat wells of personal satisfaction where no progressive survives, no feminist lives,
where no utopian marxist will survive to forty years [...] if there is the future, they will
not name this after a night, but the crimes carried out in open daylight, for all to see

She sees no rendition of the former past midnight for incoming Rome

a proximity fuse among falling out threads like sky maps awake for
Cay Clyde and harmony of tired servitude recorded four thousand years ago
in caves of stern relationships and high branches that men tread with falsetto horses
and obliquely fastened calves on tips of rumors of incoming Rome, like perfume,
lasting in tired lights between rockways and low trees that were intended for just
that one evening, you and I, they and them, one and another, each couple, with mete out
arrangements for the one left behind never knowing the bliss they found in being better off
having missed out of those kisses and courtships, never knowing, it was far better
to scribble in a cave and not know the passing of the heart into the interior motive of defeat
,

descaparedcido manners and wheat

sorbus counterweights, hiking derate clams
meaning nothing – here among the war attire,
among the stolen passengers of goodwill,
left to be kettle fronts, in the exception
of tired descaparedcido manners

What people do in free countries

Do not be concerned that your suffering is meaningless
we are occupied with very important things in free countries

While it is true, that we do not give much thought to you,
feel the rewards and blessings of Heaven, for because of you we find joy

We are very happy with our televisions and stoves and cars and,
we get to complain about it all – yes, I realize we are only blessed because
you have so little, but do not think it is meaningless, I promise you it is not

How can I tell you all the important things we do in free countries? Well,
while it is true, and you likely already know, we are not all free,
in our countries we often have micro-societies that reflect the world ecosystem,
but that is okay! That has always worked for us. Just like you have what you have
and I don't need to tell you, that is working out for you

Look, we don't actually do anything important, now you're not going to get
that blanket truth from anyone but me, so don't listen to them

All you need to know is that you can find happiness
through our happiness. And we are! Happy, I mean.

Between Moons Where God Does Find Me

The sideways winds drill epithalamium moons around her sawdust ankles
Like stubborn bears and hostile wetsands of eleemosynary rites and posey tusks
I was once like you, a shy tenderfoot caught in the day's distractions,
but now I have found the tenebrous wheat of penitentiary skies where no moon is lit
It looks a lot like you, this foggy shadow dipped in corridors of light
Where God's good love and her name have found me, too disposed to write her thoughts
and too intrigued to let go of the sound of her voice, and mounting ankles of passion
Or is this Her sister, invading Her space – showing me one moon to spite the other

Trains Different from Digestive Tracts

She knows the train is moving
It is silent and lovely, almost singing
There are different appealing people
Staggering this way and that
Untying their luggage
Looking for their lunch packs
They almost seem real to her
She wishes she could draw
So that could sketch the moment
For future memories
For further centuries
Perhaps if she had learned art
She could preserve a species
But she knows the train is moving
And she will not have time
To learn such a hapless art
Before she reaches her destination
Until I know she can draw
I cannot see past my own miseries
These are the destinations
For all hapless fortitude
And sequences in the shadows
Between the seats of the moving train

There is no codeography among strangers

Last step in the plumb line questionnaire, removed from the waging whale

Too distilled for proper apple disheveled attire loose like an ash tiger on Wednesday
Like lake whistle-blows on tyrant trucks and measured toiletries dropped in the hotel sink
Dating grocery store endcaps with weathered stolen gaslights under the point of menstruation
Drinking to survive the myth among a dozen offers of a country for sale half-off indefinitely

When Cane came home for stolen sandwiches and garden rakes under the canopy of stirring cries
Of martyred cars under driveway tailpipes and snowbound lectures for retired saints like laundry
Stolen, sullen, and abrasive - too dark now to be captured under the licensing of forks and fiddles

Too distracted under the withered anthems of another lost national ghost awaiting self-realization

She will tailor her work to be perforated tonight
reminiscent of the coffee-wave ceiling tiles he cuts in the mornings

The nation is burning its notion

Taken away at a young age,
the dispelling malfeasance
has no ritual that compels him.
The microwave has been working hard today.
No time for salads or fresh cut fruit.

Gregorian Skunkmouse

Honor is for muppets
Hope is more grounded with coffee and cigarettes
Dreams cannot escape passages, to this one or that
A memoir is a broken promise
Music redeems even the most foul

A testimony cannot betray its master
One's country is never one's home
Not when you have been alive this long
Not when you have sunken the trembling saints
Not when you have an elastic heart with stories and scribbles

Reigning Sonography

Frightened tree climbs its toe
Like a boar stump, clumsy felucca trims
Stolen like a mamzer indoctrinated into dust
Hollowed rhythms snake into fit dressings
Coil reburst along a specious twilight rose

Recall the deck He heard you on
And the truth He revealed

He only exposed what was false

And now you have lost so much faith

clouded yellow flèche

an earth sample

docile defeat

remorse in the morning

jingoism at its peak

periclinal folds on the alabaster

stark ravine in the mire

two towns given in rinse myths

short stay for the divine

the next time you sing myths

it is not a dove that drives you home

but a sequenced atrophy

like a pardoned mule taking water

Cooperation

“cooperation is the fundamental lesson of harmonics,” God said,
as She reached beneath her legs washing dishes in the gutter
“in harmonics.”

“would you believe there was a time when all saw the truth?
would you believe it,” She said, standing up and shaking the dirt from Her dress.
“no, you wouldn’t. how could you believe a thing like that?”

“the truth is all see the truth.
there are only the willfully ignorant and those of the same nature,
predisposed towards patriotism,...and nationalism, it’s all the same thing,” shaking Her hands.

She shook the dust from a towel
and hung it there until morning.

There can be no spirituality without revolution

How shall you practice your prayers?

Will you stand on a pillar among the starving and war-ravaged?

You will starve yourself in cooperation with the divine?

Do you not see yourself capable to end the suffering, the hunger, the wars?

Does your interpretation of participatory democracy have its limits?

Then those are not prayers you sing.

They are death marches.

Horn of plenty ars moriendi

Thieves of synoptic meteorology
debating wayward proposals for sublime entry
to triggering dewclaws and vespers of restful language

Downmarket trigonometry for stolen haste
and verbose olive tongues
with down-wind pearl seeds

Horn of plenty ars moriendi
and the clotheslines that may
betrayed not only by the figures of the day
but the temper of pleasures of time

Singing of the Milk of Dawn

Cat Power taunting the maneuvering steer hounds
crystal perilymphatic molars betrayed
like soft lines of regret and corporate ashtrays
seek silence in the cow dung of metre time stamps
forgotten lyrics in the chorus of God's
freight-arc of foraged plurality
there will be no more singing today
not now that the tune is tucked between the milk
and the conquered growth of a late dawn

Extirpation of Values

God does not speak to me today.
She does not want to. She is saddened
by the disrepair of humanity
and the extirpation of values.
We have paved our own sophistry
like shadows on the steps into the house,
like prison swaps and discarded fellows.
We will not give of ourselves
to bring this meeting to order
or this hegemony to its rite-ful burial.

The Faint of the Few

There are sycamore trees
and new road crossing signs
for angry leaves and deserters

There are no farms
where peace languishes unstill
unstoppable retrogression
like the pedals of spoons
delicate and dismissive
onboard Her broken army

In the soil by the Ohio rivers
like asphalt for rain
and elastic waves no one condemns
but the faint of the few

misericord fables

hurricanes in the south

white shirt lawns

broker's pièce de résistance

banker's broken furnace

Geelong soap refinery

misericord stationary

wounded chorus gloves

like a staple peddler's

splintered archway

and a valet's persisting residence

sober wincing patients

elected stone bible salesman

humiliation and diet of regret

confusion in the meandering chord

The nimble atmosphere

I hear God

She presents Herself as a Black woman

Whispering into my soul

And She does not regret

The time She spends with me

Hope instilled in control

Transcendence is a mutual harmony

Transcendence is a mutual condensation of breathing from one soul to another
Breathing is the pastime of all togetherness, like asphalt dreams and sober control
Where you direct your dreams is your own choice of soul-preparation,
Digging into the soil of lost regrets and coming into the harmony of what once was lost
She does not dine there, She does not control, but She will whisper your name
Like an animal that has learned to use tools, so too do we learn to hear God
We must let go of darling regrets, like a wormhole that is sophisticated and grateful

She learns our reasoning and approaches us from where we are in life, that stance
That does not forget one single moment of being alive, while all dolphins swim
Like a dark intruder into the night, She welcomes the seasoning of grateful content
She does not lie, nor break hearts with the truth, but She will test your limits
So that you are really you, like an evening dove crying out for the morning glow

That does not mean She will leave you once you have mastered Her plan for you
She is a friend that will comfort your controlled behavior and tatters instilled crying
Like a partner that does not maneuver or stake a claim, She has wings that no one sees
She is a panther dining in the night with a soft patterned system that does not light
She will see you when you are angry, and that moment She will tell you to leave
She will return when you are grateful for Her voice in the crowd, behavior
Like instilled believing in Her voice as the reason for living and a night at its stake

Believing is seeing,
the beautiful voice of God,
so crowded with the behavior
of the Near and far

She does adopt a voice
That only you can see
If you cleanse your heart
With the benefit of laughter
Like a stolen pearl in the voice of control

Now you know the key, of lost stolen pearls, and Her voice in the demise of laughter
Where she will not see you in the torrent of the last hidden appeal of wisdom
Or the breastfeeding of our hearts

autostereoscopic fishing tide waters

Working on a motive
for crystalline gas houses
and circumvented controlling people
like accidental crash barriers in dawn scopes
like segment highways that are the ashtrays of our forgetting
solid-drawn autostereoscopic fishing tide waters
under the drift of a parted waistline

How have I forgotten the donations of mercy
fragmented hope in finding peace in participation
like a school boy ready for the curse
like a factory shouting “get here or be gone”

There are yellow curated corners
on the perforated desk like moonglow
and the light of partial people
isobar surfaces denoting the rhythm of closed parkways
ombrotrophic seasonal traffic closing the restaurant
under a patter of lack-glaze simple harmonic motion
now under the pixels of Her
descriptive phrase

Dental Practice

Dentists think of themselves as artists

But dentists cannot be artists

Because they get paid

Bird Constructions

Cat Clyde sings “Mama Said” and the sky parts below her crystal wings
She has no stalk-raven atrophy ravaging the salt nests of orphan seismology
This is where God lets me hear the whispers of Her fame, like a tangent tree
Delicate like raven winds and mesmerizing tart sands under altrusive call breaks
In the peaceable journeys of broken stanzas like the weight of an ashtray that won’t go away

“Please hear near me,” I plead hoping for a call and response, so cold in this shaking pearl
She does not need one to call so peaceful - like a tired orange tree plumb line,
like a dismissable olive branch, so cold with rendered fingers in the dove-shallow morning
This song is a fortune one renders like pigfoot soldiers, an obstressive balcony of fallen waters
And Cat Clyde continues to hum the baseline of pardoned pearls lingering in the yard
Where I once to spoke to an old god about about a plant and China and newborn infants

That was not the last time I was corrected to never judge the plant or any living soul
But I was given perspective into intranational welcoming and shadows of lonely distance
How will I retreat from such a distance? Or withdrawal from such a apertured tree?
Bordering near the streets, letting go, is a fleece shadow made of open armed stanzas
And mindful telemetry like a cross-stitched balcony towards our behavior and time

Like whits of downy appraisal and documented lies told to our mothers and partners
Cat Clyde says “discontented” while God says “green grass in the morning,”
And with Her the morning is not another phrase for a resurrection, not this time,
There is no resurrection, but that doesn’t mean there is not a time-after, an extended pausing love,
If one can get over their guilt and let go of times they did not meet a perfect swan statute

There will no longer be the remaining cordial stalled witness of framed and distilled combustions
Like tattering, towering oceans of pleading soldiers caught in the driveway of unmixed soil
And partitioned disaffection, singing no more to the haunting birds, but learning to love them
Learning to love the sound of God floating from the trees, not adapted to the highways.
The song of the better animal, lost in the retribution of humanity’s unchecked constructions

Akiko Suwanai

Bent like freed grass in the tuft of nuptials
Sacred like a bow of animal skin abrasion
Won under the harsh duress of ten weeks in the desert
Scored with suitcase songs and modish refusal
Too tempered to take the downpour as a heavenly sign
But you are surrounded by signs of God's secret journey
Here in God's moment with Her sacred bulbs of fair tunes
Like a passenger of unequal triumph and neglected
Frowning pedestals of high tone measures and notations
You douse your pearl oyster like a sudden hiding prairie

eyot channels dancing on cigars and salads

sutures in the morning, stained, delicate somatic features
conjured like myths on the grass curtains of absent appraisal
for demi-legions that foster milking hooves with delicate lignite stature
seemingly quiet on the golden rush of tell-tale instigation, galvanic
dependent territory like old augmented fragments of jewel-crested statins

we were once voyagers in the small town outside the four gates like the rush of old gods
we were trained to see around corners, bleeding passengers, knowing which house
this one or that one left food at the door, not enough for all of us, no sweets or bread
but just enough to survive the moon-haven nightlife like wild concourse and lily stems
and fledgling-led disposable flags for the attire of the soft imaginary teeth we paid for

we pledged our loyalties to the night to see what circadian rhythms might usurp
taunting alleys like mridangam horses and eyot channels dancing on cigars and salads
left wondering if the stationer against the worshipers of the gods of Baal has already returned
Elijah, in his rented chariot, no longer interested in talking to me about salads or seasoning
seeing I had left where I was given a name by Micheal and now see my God as a Black woman
never written about, no source material, not evident, and no proclaiming darlings on a map

A Conversation With a Musician and a Forest

She said to tell you She's here
listening to you and inside of you
She says She is not God as you know
such an entity to be, but a rhapsody
of old mother hymns and delicate
delivered lines of harpsichord dialogue

She can hear the good things you made
the tired conquests of your heart
She knows you will do better next time
next time you enter the door and listen,
listen to the arched bows and hypnotic
rehearsals like Archie and Tim, like fire hydrants

like amber pedestrian bowls of duress and anger
do not bleed for me, She says, stalking down the hallway
I have come too far to hear you all cry my name,
I will come to you, when you are tired
when you need rest and reassurance
like a bed of well-earned pearls, and dancing

I have seen you dance, I see the parkway
and I am the Mother of your furthest uncertainty
please do not hide, as though I mean harm
I only want to comfort your indecision,
your bowing is not necessary, if you get that right
I will show before you, and you will hear me Speak

Please expect me to arrive
When you need me most
There is not much time now
However, I will be listening
Like a forest in a stream
And a door mask in the morning perusal

Abstain

A Pale Bordering Wail

The birds are obviously God
Orchestrating with each other
Across the temporal globe
Like neurons in mid-sentence
And like a painter's brush
Against a pale bordering wail
Of carefully constructed syntax
For colorful evening tenures

4:00 a.m. Sampler for Cromwell at the Beach

Hickory tree bonds
waste basket weddings
Marley ink caskets
morning trophy endowments
Here, for the bread of our neighbors
for the forgetting post and scheduled incisor
like grafted jewelry for words replacing joy-mending
like rattled caverns under the balloon broom state
She has no party for candidacy
no church to magnify Herself
She is quiet when you are awake
and strong when you are able

Networking Fallen Leaves

The ink on the powdery pedestal
with somatic moon rakes in the morning
too cornered to write a speech
too dissembled to craft a network from the fallen leaves

I have stolen my endowments
like wind-stern willows on the timid grasslands
without poetry cups that starch that dusk
and leave arbitrary witnesses at the scratching

on the paper the dowry does sound
and amplify the magnitude below cross-straight proposal
like those networked fallen leaves
too grounded for this day, and too implicated to stand by

Ornery Chokeberries in Mildew Husks and Wine

an ensemble of aronia grooves
like hillberry wine with cardboard plethora
under the darling wings of flying stars
of all stated time and determined groups de Pisan

left you on Tuesday, left you in laughter
beneath the passways on stilts of morning triumphs
the Hercules beetle behaved and let you down easy
your florescent stallway chiding time

Lucie Horsch Sits Too Silent Among the Maple Pears

an instrument of stolen rocks to make comets
the Ferengi rule to “whisper your way to success”
albeit minor dinosaurs dance around your feet
in perfect trilithon roundtable dissenting from the harness
the smoking Caesar under the rung of septentrion
folding chairs and domesticated bears like diesel sandwiches

resting in the grove of an unopinionated trucks in the doorway
of St. Sophia and western delicate stories of extremes
made to entreat the weathered elder into a false hope
all for the cause, for the weathered cause, like fire diamonds
and sophistry that relaxed with the attending of the saints
where human suffering did dwell

and mark our exploits
like human trees
like the asphalt tressels
of our neighbors’s dreams
and counter-revolutionary aspects
of cornered mice in a dozen dialects

a crowning achievement in the wasteland of our common retribution
frowning unexpectedly where we did not have the patience for tomorrow

a nineteenth century bird of prey
stumbles at your doorstep
forgetting the solitary wasteland
of placid survival and tormented
journeys of acquiescent stationary
musk-like riddled patterns of shapeless trust
like a news stand and April heights
bellowing in the morning
like rotting sand in the cornerpiece
like torrid sacred arrivals of defeating cowskin
and metre obsolescent appraisals

waiting until tomorrow when we deliver our patience report of gathered roughcast objectivist tires

Survivor's Guilt and Afternoon Fruit

I can neither confirm or deny your questions
but know this, I can neither confirm or deny
any guess or detraction that you might make
that is the definition of classified
and ordered, partitioned trust

there is a reason
the morning fruit
is more rewarding
later in the day
when all the ramifications
have gone home
away from the war
no more sailors
or photographing journalists
away and carrying the guilt
that I was the one to survive

technically, her companionship
smokes the condensation
off the salutary, recalled walls
she denies it, but I love her
for her holy fellow surviving efforts

Common Robins and Feasant Dusting Mires

Sedimentary ceremonies in eastern England
like fashioned fish in the north stalks
of shocking wave beaches and stolen
cursory time, lapping gold where there
was no patient

This time did honor the Norfolk candor
rural stairs of county and city directions
where we did bathe like livestock
like parched animals in the kingdom
of angry common robins

Trust in pisé recalcitrant bedourie

grasshopper murmur maiolica

impacting incantation lictor

solvent remainder

goluptious insider, or salesman

precambrian drift

how shall we fear the elated bonds of prison?

in our short tempted hours

Stellate Osprey Winds Between Hidden Requisition Tags

born beneath stellate sands and portions of tomatoes and osberry cans
the osprey winds paint caverns like tulip shadows and chameleon fear-hitching
weathered hiking fish deny the absolute capture for devil's mouth cave-intrigant pebbles
swollen in the refurbished tides of yesterday-howling cascades for two-screening moments
now a blessing for toilet washing cafes and shattered sacraments like a two-nose penny
housed refueling agents running in the street where the blues adjudicate the dormant sailor
octopus laundry like feathered nest registration sold to the higher frames of illustration

born beneath stellate coffee stains and charcoal relying weather forecast foreman arms
I can't hide this framed adaptation of a sweater lost a decade ago now in my life grim
sold with the regrets of the funerary charge ballistic firehose traits like misled trains
rounder calmer steadfast dialcast treasuries in the dawn of solid pastures not belonging
this equable trainlegging running faster than the bijouterie flags of indecent pores
your voice did drum a memory like tired wraparound shades for stolen mattresses
like partitioned entries born into scaffold journals of tragicomic blankets and food

stolen dime

what is the same song that you dined with 'til morning
dreaming of a culprit, fomenting the soap like stale coffee
if you could only plead in one direction
would it be patience or upheaval
no circumstances apply to let you down the roadway
that will leave you in peace
like a abdicator toward time
like the flip of a stolen dime

pedestrian roadways sinking in the earth

Tomorrow will be graduation day
many caps and capers will be thrown to the ground
in remorse, she backs off slightly
scared to read her mother's journal
of broken houses that stood until morning

She was, however, thrilled to be renewed again
like the wicker and tossing of a friend indisposed
and languishing like a car tire in the street
by the bank and the other places she meets
spotted owls and subsequent renewals

Of lies her mother told her
To cover up her crimes

The Allium Rancor of Culprit Tuesdays in Multiverse Time

a standard cliff dancing against the windblown stanzas of clouds of matadors
a bull of stars is either facing towards you or away from you
there are no culprit Tuesdays at work towards the deliverance of your instincts
there was once a collective known truth and all obeyed, all conceded
all still know this truth, it is adamant, it is known, but some ignore it willfully
there are stalwart pleas for mercy upon the fractured seat that sears today's breast
the heat is the fractionation of a process-response system like tears in the sodium
a rara avis heap of stolen-wastebasket-governing souls-in-the-memory-retention
where did all the dispelled passion give itself up like culprit Tuesday feeders

common flowers divining God on tape, in video sessions in booths of plexiglass
where worldwide witnesses see an absence of conclusion or resolution
no, no divine circles will be dancing upon the fractured seat of common kings
no resolution for divining witnesses like grocery store bought sledgehammers
chasing sons in the showers too long, no meaning to the dislocation, long-acting
whether Estremadura reserves seek secrets like tailored myths to this secret life
we are only melodies of this life, one at a time, an era where we were fated to belong
among the multiverse simultaneous with all given time that we could exist in
God placed us here for a reason, whether that be to our advantage or not is ours to make

the real test is how we respond to the circumstance we find ourselves in
the captured behavior of strengthened character, except that God already knew us

We must wait for the future to get here

We must be patient, we must wait according to the will of collective efforts
we must wait for the future to get here, against all passions of uncertainty
there are buffer zones of impatience that force us into a call and response
like a torrid grasp of want and of that desire shall fall, then so will hope

To degrees that we might forget our own place in this current time
there is evidence that we can only make an impact in our current iteration
humanity must figure how to work with each other on its own
according to its best ability until one day that carpet tool is magnified

We cannot sell out our best efforts as though only another time frame
is more deserving, of our presence and efforts and sequential time-likeness
there is no strength we possess today that can more beneficial tomorrow
if the world is not ready for the future neither can we be so prepared

Paintings against lawn-train strollers like a passway in the morning light
and that is the point, isn't it? Against all reason and ransom hardware
we are only the temptations of current-age will and praxis, doorway soldiers
we must be patient for the future to get here as we cannot have a better standard
Fortune of life-time existence without growing together into staple-farm edicts
Will-paths, like forming in the streets where passion and station did meet in tall dross bends

A Song for Delivery Gymnastics

Partially closed, Her eyes speed the river
Hidden in the bark of elder trees
Two known truths between tomorrow and pride
She does not condescend, but explicates

like a soft channel in the river, like chimes
She knows everyone in this time and space
weather currents do not frighten Her
not like the weight they put upon your moods
She is not like an abusive wife hiding in the roots
She lets you see that you are seeing a moment
where truth implies sorted escaping segmented light
and scalable entire worlds
here for Her song, Her metered journeys

Way'Of Transnational Penal Colony

CECOT is not cryptic
Human Rights are known by everyone, every child
Somewhere in the heart, it is known
What torture camps entail is the abandonment of civilization
American enforced disappearances
Who at the door will stand in the way' of these violations of the soul
In the passageways for dormant release
Sleeping next to a dead body
Another anonymous person
Who hadn't spoken in so long he lost his voice
No criminal record
Complete lawlessness
Trump, another Man of Lawlessness
Gave Americans what they wanted
Never let them forget who they are now
Who we are now, in this day
Shipping those under our protection to El Salvador
For illness, for sickness, for beatings, for brutality, never able to leave
Never able to read
Never able to read
While the world reads about these victims
We are being judged according to our response
The courts will not matter, that has been proven
An "upheaval" I did hear God call for
An "upheaval" is the only course of action
But you will be too frightened
You will not act
You will be next
When you could be in the way' of these abuses, directly interfering
Find your eternal pace
Between tragedy and action

God is Coming for the United States

You are free to feel history will judge
the United States according to its own time

I am certain my non-Abrahamic God
will judge the United States now

According to our own horrors
according to our of deeds
according to our own inaction

She will not wait for history
what gives you the right
to wait for history to come to the conclusion
that you already know

My God calls for an upheaval
She does not say sit and wait
She does not say seek out reason
She says stand and stop them
And do so now

Dream of Deletions in the State Department's Reports on Human Rights Abuses

I woke close to midnight, leg cramped, as I half-stood in pain
I dreamed God was talking to me from a distance
I could see a faint image of a small group of people, like a pastel sketch
Walking from a platform towards a light, surprisingly subdued
Towards a voice that was as silent as it was all encompassing
I somehow knew one man I saw was blind, he led the group
He had a plain blue cap and wore slacks and button up shirt
I had assumed he would be blind in the afterlife as well
Then I realized what was happening
God was giving him back his vision
The man's vision was not being given to him
It was being given back to him, at a distance from that light
At that moment there was a ringing in my good ear
And continued to ring as I woke
This was very noticeable for me
As normally it is my deaf ear in which I hear ringing
There is a long history about that
In that subtle difference
I could get the impression
That God wanted me to feel AWE
If not a little fear
Whether it is God or my government I should fear
Both are likely true

Saints of the Dandelion Milk

The asportation of the body of work
limbs assertive in a tantivity of gold spires
sold in New Orleans as a festive retreat
like porridger leaflets from an infrared homing stinger
all loud for the masonry circles, blooming in the dust
catacombs less gracient than stolen respiration

Resting on a Blanket of Vitamins

There to the east of Paisley, Georgia
for then tears were vacuumed to wheezing ducts for
your alerion binocular contacts where no one whipped to a stir

timid ashtrays fixed in the apartment blues like wrench soldiers
visiting on the day before the end like a stomach tracing itself home
retired with the ashes of epicurean dashes to alters of poultry

whether he can make the appointment or stand above grey clouds
like a wastewater endorsement for the favored society in its small island
leaving dove smells like obstreperousness calculations in the spirit walk

advisors to plastic moles on the tempered face of ocean grove fractures
seemingly out of place, but quite at home for a lasting peace treaty
that does not move without on hand harnessed against the green shoulder

vacuumed for apricot stallways and complaints with vertigo wallets
today might just be enough to keep him silent at least within himself
but once as before that may be giving him too much credit
credit is for gravity storming the aqueducts of Paisley wastewater caverns
reification for stolen mattresses slept on too soon for those student orientations

Harbors of Love Unfelt (Without Homes and Dressings, Part II)

What one receives through living,
either as income, success, measures of love unannounced
is not what matters.

What is most significant is dying,
arriving at the other side,
to finally know what awaits
to take that walk towards death bravely
with composure and a willingness
to disregard the noise of life
that attempts to trap you with mere possessions.

Leaving this space for the unacknowledged creation
of time and matter
spirit and soul
longing and regret,
as there are very few who can say that they have no regrets,
but to let yourself spill into that next awakening
clean from this totalitarian existence
like a marble dropped into storm-riddled cloud.

Love is not fleeting.
It was never here.
All love on Earth is an imitation of what is to come
in the next shade of existence,
in the next pattern towards being closer
to seeing God.

It is possible we will not see God the next life.
It is possible there are still more worlds yet,
more realms of existence,
before we get to that state of agelessness.

Once arrival has been determined
you can hear the call of the awaiting end
of this telescope into an empty space.
We can become one with the measures we have created
for all our short life, towards the shedding of memory
and lost wasted time.
We can become one with the bright shine of resemblance
that bothers you in the night,
whether the tremors or good or bad,
we will walk into the next-room seeing what we were expecting
and knowing what we should have known all along.

Cannon fodder for healthcare

the general public delights
in fascism so as to continue
to proclaim their dissatisfaction
and this is the extent of their grievances
to shout loudly and mislead others
into thinking they are taking action

the actual cannon fodder
for this rejoicing of remorse
will not be remembered
or cared for when it matters

we are not entertaining
the movie of the week
will get more attention
than the suffering of the minority
and in this song, we have let go
of what makes us human
if we were ever human at all

doormat diplomacy

I do not know what money is
green torrents, gym stylized hurricanes
grabbed like locusts from the trees
perhaps God will show early, leading
us away from the exclusivity of good pay
away from door-linking songs of meritocracy
and stolen patterns of ebb written grocery tires,
the morning in the most ritualistic sense
today we pray for less heartache,
for the great release from this timber
of collective suffering, whether we leave
all at once or combine our energies
to overcome the doormat diplomacy,
either serves as preferable to reality

Falling in return

the window leisure of the forensic gas station
is falling in return for our orphaned forethoughts
trouble on the short-end of the awaiting resemblance
with grocery cart railways like a valley of cementing
crooked stomach lining windows returning for
adroit hopes where tressel fear-stalemate curtains
like the least of us, like the most of us
cradled and upturned to a sky of satellite melodies

lightening dogs barking the tender tainted rain

violence is structured like a vacuum
it endures its stale enforced taste of life
one should not have an enforced stale state
withered like combing birds under the blank horizon
combing now like a migrating snake in the passage
under your bedroom, forever grasping at the nightlight
for the segmented social strata like a whispered note
into the signified concerto of tattered time-likeness
without the morsifications of sublime latitude
tended to the matrimony of solid state intervals
like the dowry of pleasant fragrant theft
within a door-linking forever frightened soldier
stance of the stigmatic wounded mailed soil
to China and posted return to sender for the
thought of prophecy and lightening dogs
barking the tender tainted rain under the surface
they are recorded forever, adjoined to the tuning
of a song that does not leave this earth
despite the element being lost, it does dwell
inside a lookout for the oncoming violence
customs approaching like a wave that does not
contend with the soft singing trying to distance
itself from the wound of reality where calm does envelope,
you are talking, dancing in pits of blood and poverty,
you scream with pleasure at the site of thousands dead,
I do see who you are and that is why I keep my distance,
you are not of the well-crafted, you are a mistake, a misprint
a foreign element in the body to be expelled

What Temples Cannot Assure

An althorn in the commissary
under the barracks of bedroom toile de Jouy
like spiced tea for mother biscotti
where windpaper hymns of WWI
and condemned newspapers like divine characterization curves
like a dog off its tail and into the furnace
we have spoken eloquently of forests and talisman preachers
like diresand tornadoes demanding the tavern temple colonies

why did you come back to renew
all my heartache, there the family resurfacing
what that I might hear God under the standing
like a florid combustible song in its own myth
that crystalizes under the vagrant settled sand
there is morning in Her temples, today and during theses days of topsoil
I have drawn immaculate to the far standing
and I have seen with clarity and remorse

Failed Crown of Abducens Sink Pictures

There in the straits
There in the palace porcelain ramifications
Of Audrey painted cacophony
Stray under golden breasts in isolation
Where God did warn me not to enter
and paid with years lost to my stagnant hymn of disapproval
we are all failures of joy and triumph
Harrowing this door or that
What we can do now
is forget the portrait
forget the song
this is my testimony
my testing of the absence of joy
like a broke harrowing limb
in the dreams of regressive
tranquilizers

The breaking of the temple grace in folds of honey

today is the last day I die
I will be no longer overwhelmed
by doctrine windows of asphalt
and dreams of brooks and streams
like gold, like magnetic fire
sequestering of lost incisors
and prejudiced against our own sleeping
like a faucet in the rain
and the perpetual disillusion of staged pain

Remember

Remember you let it happen
when they break through my door
Remember you let it happen
when they drag me out by my hair
across the wet grass and concrete
and sit on my back to shackle me
Remember you let it happen
so you could watch Strange New Worlds and Andor
you would like to think you're helpless
there was nothing you could do
the Germans thought that, too

Remember you let it happen,
many years from now
when I have spent every day
shifting between hunger and torture
when I was raped
by guards or someone off their meds
Remember you let it happen
when my shell, my body, is thrown
into a mass grave
they think they are concealing the evidence,
but there is no need
the Americans were so festive with greed
they turned away, knowing full well
we would live in hell
you let it happen
it was not the circumstance
it was you
And I know who you are
I will return
In your collective conscience
or Spirit
I choose not to be silent

Nothing in common (with Julia Jacklin)

Julia Jacklin is lighting the hallway
“too much symmetry” she says like a passage under the rocks
“we’ve been here before,” but not standing
rams time counterculture to specific filing cabinets
there was reason and calculated science metrics
like dancing Toyotas, fleeing the scene
under the door, under the poor wreckage
like a dolphin in the rush of obsessed harmony
and she doesn’t know why she sings
and I do not know why I compose
but we will never have anything in common

Nina Simone speaking to me and you

A troubled mother
One who suffered for her art
One who finds collective forgiveness
for calling out collective justice
Langston Hughes combing his passages in Harlem
New to the rush of broken piano keys
like a leader any tell-tale soldier would follow
eager to cry out in the winds
And it was in the wind we could find her
to initiate the unspoken so loud
to hail the wind-swept currents
like giraffes clamoring to dominate
to dominate the last experiment of sound
and majestic perishing whispers
so loud the dancing had to fade
under sweet orchestration
and fettered poems

Beating so rapid on keys of power
sin could not escape her
joining out for love
She cried for us all
Orchestration that could bend the leaves
as they tried to pretend they hung from the trees
Eric Burdon tried to rob her,
but she called him out
and returned the favor
with so much better show
Bert Jansch took her melody
and not even Paul Simon
would leave him unscathed
Nina, you know that will I feel anew
It is always new with your
working, not done today
but accomplished in your graceful presence

Grace Slick's Hall-Stolen Roses

Able to perform disjointed
under comparable illness
singing for great vision
like a red curtain
for peaceable entry
downtown was the vestige
of a society that never arrived

Naima Bock and the Retribution of Distinction

In a lonely place
Naima arrived, to shatter dimensions
time dismissed for your wanderings
the singles enhanced you
the live stage proved you
your second attempt diminished you
trying to get out to the sea and won
She belonged to stage arguments and persisted
Oh, when you arrived you found the subconscious signature
Hearts sung with matrimony with sweets and bread
too strong with grateful decision
to become lessening a momed of sound
lost in the percussion
of you precursors hyphenation
only to be felled at a later dock
you broke hearts a second time, your campers were dismissed
with evident disposition of a turned personal body obsession
and distilled curves too late to turn folk derived love to self
lost was the dominant Precision
of you acceptance and perception
your persistence of years, shed,
now how have they gone
we plead for your return
and grace of the stage turn

For the portions of Megaera

Tolled and spoke
like juvenile disease spreading
orchids and malcontent sophists
draping the sol quent
reasons for the sun spirit
like a doggerel saints spending
patience towards the encampment

sent rams and tolerated messages
like reified sold criminal icons
that have no meaning,
but the saints of trees and ashtrays
arrive just the same, to join
like myiasis and broken wood
caught among the stems and thorns

when will the carriage of ions
praise the patronage like stone
ashways among the front
seeing the fighting, not lost
not withdrawn or satiated
there is no market for distraction
one should have acted
when one had the chance

A chronology of mercurial tides

Emotive chromophores like dancing wicks
among the forging ore and creative embers,
too short a distance to broom or play upon,
like riddling sandpipers colliding in the state ruins.
“It’s best not to talk about it,” one horse states,
while another proclaims, “They will never see my back.”
Too short a sentence, too quick a cure,
too mediocre the difference that metes with what effort won notice
like hodge limber fountains in the egress of catastrophe,
they have all dawned for the revival of a murder-plot play
written by the best man of the chronology estate
taken for ashes to conceal at the wedding, at the forfeit
on the last domestic withdrawal of living tissue.
Do not say you did not see it coming.
They announced their presence on the grand stand
of stolen ember flesh and waste mercurial tides.

She doesn't go to the obelisk

Perhaps happenstance patterns
to the last general
will denote Her way
we might not find Her
among the salutary limbs
of strewn southern gates
like a paddle that rows in three directions
or a malcontent waiter ending the scene
where the director's storied caustic persuasion
did not matter to the ailing audience

do not go
into scared pauseways
like it was a triumph
but enter dominant restraints
like it was the last stand
of sheets and razors
and zero-sum passages
where arrows did fall
baked salvation
into the home-rendered hallowed retreat
from cities of abrasion
and turncoat etched weddings

frightened frigid stops
of carousel Ghatanji robes
sing under periscopes
under defense stones
like abstractions of emotive bonds
that dared of recoil from God

Art in the temper of time

art is the ability to focus
over many strings
through many scenes
art does not belong to history
to tomorrow's porch deck
it is humble, existing today
all art exists today
it is a will and unto that
of steady perceptions
and tired souls-lent lanterns
we are its purveyors
and creators, in the falling
temper of time's restraint

Constructs built in talking basins

The train to enlightenment is frail
and limping, not unlike a scorched
teapot along the manner of yesterday's
tribe; stealing, venting, backhanding,
holding sacred ruins hostage
just to assure a few more wives.

They are dark taverns, that enlighten.
They pour exhaust fumes down
rented ceilings and collect the cooking fat
for writing poems. The path to enlightenment
is not unlike an estranged bride
and only she knows the ballad to sing,
how to perform the hidden dance,
and, now, who to share that with.

Constructs built in talking basins
with weather and joy and measures
of latches that protrude from the myth
of settled developments by the journey of sands.